THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1681.

Original Poetry.

MEMORIAL VERSES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Over the world was full of luxury,
Palace and hall re-echoing;
Ah! the pleasure and gaiety of Belshazzar's court!
Old wine sparkling in the cup,
Yet no I must dream no more.

Wisdom is the trade of age,

Gathered were beside this hearth
Two here gone, the best and dearest,—
One was early called away,
On his lower the other went
Down to her home—but three come
Grown less graces for never summer
On the grave where Anne lies,
Shedding on the golden tresses of
From her infant, death-sealed eyes:
Calmly, gently, fearlessly,
Went she to our home to be.

Only one, one little summer
Shone gone over where we laid
One beside her, loved and loving,
In the dim, cool chancel shaded,
Deadest, lone and forsaken.

From the pleasant tearful window
Where I sit to weave my verses,
Ruth Rodnel sat with Anne Lee.
The last landscape seen in time—
Number came that will not season,
Passed on rest and blessedness.

Sad distinctly I remember
Ruth's face that day, and wondered
Why her dusky-banded April
On the hills was not gloomy as well—
Sun was falling on the pane,
And he shone into our grave.

Kennet, Chester Co., Sept., 1853.

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SQUATTER'S DAUGHTER,"
AUTHOR OF "THE CHASE OF CHIPPEWA,"
"SHANNONDALE," "THE DISPUTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, by DEACON & PETERSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAIN.

Daniel Hunter, with great relief, had received his second letter of offer as Governor [illegible]. And with five-o-freak heroin upon [illegible] he was re-engaged to [illegible] for a space from public life. But almost [illegible] he was appointed Secretary of [illegible] and was called to a seat in the Cabinet of [illegible].

Augusta, in the Pastoral City, among the [illegible] wisdom and beauty of the Western [illegible], was still what she had ever been, by [illegible] of the Atlantic, the SOUTHRIDE, a queen of the ready "best society." [illegible] Hunter was received with a cordial welcome [illegible] whose names were only

"In the unobtrusive parlor
Of quiet gentility."

The Hunters were still at Washington at the [illegible] of time at which we resume the thread of [illegible] story.

Ellen O'Leary. After the early storms, a [illegible] calm had settled upon the lives of Ellen and her little brother. Ellen still lived on the [illegible] bound cottage on Silver Creek, and were supported by the produce of the fractional farm [illegible] O'Leary, the manager, or [illegible] as manager at all. She knew little, because she cared little, of the world without. Here was a little long intolerance of a long lost hope. So [illegible] had left her children all to her mother, she did not care. She never took trouble to inform herself of anything concerning the world, because it was not [illegible] to tell a field of wheat from a patch of potatoes. It was only by her agricultural friends that [illegible] could not tell a field of wheat from a field of rye.

But for the [illegible] presence and services of Big Leo, the farm, and everything upon it, would probably have gone to the——sage-brush. Fortunately, Big Leo was faithful and still confided. And assured by his [illegible] that Ellen was her children's friend, and the farm—such as it was, with a fractional field here, there, and anywhere, broken up [illegible] the stubs—wherever in some little plot [illegible] the deposits from the mountains had been washed down—with the garden around the house, and the little space immediately around the cottage.

And very laboriously would old Big Leo work in the garden, and range about in his scattered fields, and [illegible] with his rude implements of the region produce, and bring its price in money or goods to Ellen: which the latter always received with a sweet smile, and a pleasant word. The [illegible] indifference would fall very discouragingly upon your ear, if you were faithful, obedient, and [illegible], for he hired appreciation, like almost human beings. On rose ring the rash at [illegible] there, they would not [illegible].

"Don't you want some of this money, Uncle Leo?"

"I shall be would reply, naitely and slowly.

"No, honey, I don't so far for it as I known [illegible] thank you, Ellen, and I shall [illegible] I have no use for it. He crushed hat and broken shoes, but with his quiet chuckel [illegible] and laugh he would [illegible] and [illegible] denial. Only sometimes saying to himself, [illegible] "Ellen will [illegible] what a world she does—and to raise that crop o' wheat will [illegible] there sleep field 'tween the ridges." And [illegible] "Oh! of the world take more to [illegible] than she, 'cause she's [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible].

Old Aunt Moll, his wife, had the two cows, the hogs, and the poultry under her charge. And she and woman looked as if she had eaten all the butter and eggs, and pigs and poultry that she had ever raised or made—she was so large and fat. But many were the logs of butter, baskets of eggs, pairs of fowls, and great turkeys and geese and cackling pigs for [illegible], that old Aunt Moll would put into the wagon, to be sold, or bartered for groceries, shoes, or dry goods for the family, when Big Leo would be going to town.

Old Ahlebag was the cook, home-spun, spinner and knitter to the little establishment. And she, too, considered herself of the world of use, by dinner upon the world in cloudless splendor.

But Rand, "Sweet Rand," sweeter now at ten years old than ever before—Rand, the child of pathos for you her exquisite loveliness! The child of her parents, the child of Daniel Hunter and Augusta Percival—the child of gentle and love, beauty and gentleness, and mind and heart, and everything that a child should be—but not perfectly beautiful! Their creatures have been beautiful, but not so Rand. Rand was perfectly beautiful. Yet of this heavenly beauty—that perfect harmonies of mind and body, of form, feature and complexion, I am, alas! no more adequate idea, than I could of the music of the spheres, I cannot paint the bright, with a fairly shaped head and neck—rounded chest, and falling shoulders—and rounded limbs—sporting themselves in the clear waves and air, and small feet, and hands whose very fingers—as do those of the most exquisite delicacy of finish. Ah! her every attitude and movement was the perfection of grace. It has been said that there is no complete beauty without expression. Now, to a superficial observer, the out her golden Rand's beauty was her beautiful hair, that hung down in her waist in long, easy, golden-brown ringlets. Her forehead was of [illegible] smooth as the polished white pearl of the conchs japonica. Her eyebrows were slender, black arches, tapering away in the finest points—her eyes were of the clearest, rarest, deepest blue, and shaded with long black lashes. Her cheeks and [illegible] lips were flushed with a delicate rose tint.

And the only effect of the forced and monstrous sun and air upon her beautiful complexion, was to open its delicate bloom to a rich glow. But it was the heavenly beauty of the soul within that gave the wondrous charm to Rand's [illegible] face. She was but a child of quick impulses or strong passions. Her affections were quiet, profound and eternal. Its substance of spiritual rather diffident, and with the natural child; but in the cause and service of her friends, her generous movement. It is a child of gentleness or disregard of consequences, nor her courage exhibited here in rashness, nor her pusillanimity, deliberate manner of proceeding.

An instance—a well authenticated instance—will illustrate this: it was but a trifle in one aspect, yet a thrilling vexation in another. It was the occasion which called forth the effort—and in one case inadequate to the action. But it was like our child to do so or die did.

It happened, upon a glorious afternoon in October, her brother and herself were out in the woods, and during the [illegible] of their rambling, wounded the mountain-top in its highest point, and came upon a projection of rocks that overhung Silver Creek—the latter turning like a glittering serpent at its base.

At the first glance down, the dizzy height, her head reeled and her eyes failed, and she would have fallen from the rock to the stream below, support, and after a moment sat down upon the rock.

And Falconer seated himself by her side; but his eyes roved far away over the grand and beautiful landscape. Hills and valleys and forests, clothed in gorgeous autumnal foliage, and streams, and lakes, and waterfalls, and the [illegible] of the mountain, and the serene sky above [illegible] them, soothing like the orchestra of retiring day! And to them he had invited his soul and clouds—a communion of glory that may not happen again in a thousand years,"—he stated her poet-folio. And hastily throwing it open, selected his materials and began to sketch rapidly. A pencil and memorandum-book were [illegible] upon the mountain, nor glancing ray [illegible] light for the pencil of the [illegible] before it was made immortal. For even so felt the boy-artist in his enthusiasm.

And so he worked away—Rand sitting forgotten by his side, yet strongly interested, and [illegible] the glorious glory that fell from the [illegible] him—over his shoulder, at the progress of his work, until the sketch was finished, and the gorgeous glory had faded from the West, and the full-moon had risen in the East and [illegible] its soft silvery splendor upon it. And then the boy arose, with the glow still upon his cheek, and placed the drawing in his pocket-book, and replying to Rand's eager look—

"You shall see to-morrow, Sylvia—I have to touch it up a little, and some of those days, when I can get the material, and more skill, I shall paint a large one in a larger scale. It wouldn't take anything in the world for this [illegible] to be [illegible] the bright wonder the influence of the artist's enthusiasm and the boy's recklessness of assertion.

Rand at the second or third time, and then it happened he never could tell—as he stooped to help [illegible] his portfolio. The next instant he was out of his hand, and with one or two touches and rebounds tumbled down the precipice.

"Oh, Falconer!"

Render, if your pocket-book, with all your fortune in it, had dropped into the sea, you could not have felt more reined than he did! The port-folio was all his treasure, and it was gone. He was well for her! And the face of the precipice was so broken and rugged, and that the bushes were so numerous, she might be never have reached the top in safety. And as the boy watched her, it seemed as if the very bound of death had clutched his heart and stopped his pulses. He was utterly *powerless* to all [illegible] and nothing but [illegible] her—no [illegible] power could have helped her. And as to breathless prayer to God he watched her [illegible] quest, he felt as though her cheek was blanched with terror; her eyes were resolutely upward, and upward, and upward! [illegible] the brow of the precipice—he saw her climber over it in safety, and then disappear. He thought she had fallen down on the other side. He thought she was dead. He thought her safety was acquired. He was near fainting himself with the [illegible] emotions. But he controlled himself by a powerful effort, and listened and fed up a winding path that led up the mountain. He reached it in safety, and [illegible] and rushed out to the brow of the precipice. There was Rand, sitting upon a rock, and beside her the newly found port-folio! In a fit—ure fit of anger against the immovable object for [illegible] he had taken such a position, he had caught the port-folio and hurled it flying over the precipice, and then caught his sister up in his arms and been [illegible] such a passion of tears as only a boy like him could shed. Rand was not insensible—only fainting, [illegible] of danger, and [illegible] fear.

"Why, Falcon, what's the matter! The port-folio is safe."

"Oh!"

That was all he said, but it came with a tone as if some one had speared him.

"Let's go home, Ellen will be uneasy," said Rand, gently disengaging herself, and rising and [illegible] slightly.

"Yes, Ellen, Sylvia, you are too weak yet; oh, why did you go climb the precipice?"

"To get the port-folio," answered Maud, [illegible].

"But, good heaven, didn't you know the danger?"

"I—that it was't half so bad as my one would think, to look at it—there were so many bushes to hold by."

"But, my gracious, child, to think of it; was't you afraid?"

"Yes, I was scared all but to death, when I got up very high; but you know I couldn't go back, and that was the reason why I never looked down—and because I heard Big Leo say that if any one climbing up a dangerous height should look down, they'd be almost sure to fall; so, though I was dreadfully frightened, I looked up all the time—and here I am safe."

"Yes, and I have your sketches and your port-folio you go to?"

"I've got the port folio. Where is it?"

"Never mind the port-folio. I pinched it up," said Falconer, repeating that in a fit of anger he had thrown away the treasure for which she had peril[illegible] her life. And he took the port-folio from her hand, and fastened it again by the safe winding path to the cottage. They reached home and found Ellen sitting by the parlor fire, knitting, for, [illegible], and a bowl of milk covered with a covered plate of [illegible], sharing upon the hearth to keep warm for the little [illegible].

"You must not go out nothing again before breakfast, my dear," she said, as she arose and set the milk and bread upon the table.

It was a beautiful October morning—and the sun was just rising, and Ellen had gone gayly on the hearth, the frost-south door and [illegible] and [illegible] in the warm, refulgent sunlight, and the beautiful landscape—first the little frost yard, with it late roses and [illegible], then the [illegible] cornfield, and the [illegible] and then the descent of gray rocks, [illegible] down, [illegible] [illegible] from the winding creek below, reflecting in its mirror-like water the dark cliffs and the gorgeous [illegible] above.

Falconer took his Plutarch and seated himself on one of the rustics to read, but fell often his eye and mind would wander from the printed volume to Nature's glorious—ne.

When Maud had finished her light breakfast, Ellen said to her,

"Take the bowl and plate into the kitchen and wash them, and put them away, my dear. Old Ahlebag is not here to wait on you this morning."

"Where is she, Ellen?" asked Maud, as she gathered the things together.

"I sent her over to Mr. Bill Ipsy's, to see if he had brought the geography and atlas I asked him to buy for you, when he went to town."

"Oh—"

"I hope she will get it, for then we can begin studying to-day."

"Oh—o—"

"For indeed you ought to have begun to learn geography long ago—only I couldn't raise the money to get the books."

"Oh, Ellen, I'm so glad and thankful!"

"There, never mind now, run away with the things, and brush your hair."

Maud did so, and returned and took her little work basket and patch-work quilt, and went and sat at the door with her mother, in the sun.

Ellen retained her seat by the fire, and sat plying her knitting-needles, and watching the children, and sometimes sewing her gaze upon the mountain-top, where the misty, open door to the beautiful still scene without.

Falconer sat by the doorway was darkened, and old Ahlebag stood there—but, oh—such a figure! Her frock and petticoats were [illegible] and dripping; and her black cotton Methodist bonnet crushed down over her face, and [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] over, or grouped of them, under the rains of the bonnet—fancy red ends tags.

The old woman all looked up, and gazed at her in astonishment.

"Why, what on earth has he been doing?" asked Ellen, in amazement.

"Has he been a-drinkin' a drop o' it? Look at his spectable Methodist bonnet!"

"Has he been a-drinking?"

"He knows how it happened! a Grecian, aggravatin' young 'mountaineer! He went acrost the creek on a log, and [illegible] his side-saddle a pocket-book on my head, as I was a-passin' underneath of de rocks—as' lectin more to wetted my bonnet and frock."

And with the consistent and misdirectory decision of character, Ahlebag Falconer's unlucky port-folio on the floor.

The boy sprang with joy to seize his restored port-folio, and then, remembering his part in the charge, went into an [illegible] with it at Ahlebag, and [illegible] her face, she said,

"Oh, my dear child, pressies me you will never do such a thing again."

"I never will, indeed, Ellen, if it hurts you so! How when your face is, Ellen, and how could your hands say! wasn you so scared about me, Ellen?" said Maud, tenderly embracing her friend.

"Oh, my love! I think I shall never feel a powerful moment again, when you are out of my sight!" replied Mrs. O'Leary, pressing the child closer to her bosom.

"Don't be afraid, Ellen! I promise you never to do so again.

"My poor little lamb! Wash's you frightened to death at such a venture?"

"Indeed, I was, Ellen! When I got up at high, I trembled so I almost let go my hold of the bushes—but I wouldn't look down—I looked up—always, and so I got up safe."

Ellen still held her already clasped with one arm, while she sank into thought. At last she said,

"My dear children, I want you to observe and remember me—it will be serviceable to you in the future—that in the moral and Christian life there is just such a perilous ascent—from which, if you look down, you are almost sure to fall—upon which the only safety is upward and upward. And, Falconer, you did right—very right—that even other such a victory, the downhill pitch way, in a single instant of motion, is accomplished. And it is so with us.

And Ellen, having delivered her own little moral, and [illegible] her own little [illegible], quietly resumed, dismissed the boy and girl, and turned her knitting. Falconer was quiet, and [illegible] and [illegible] Maud, having [illegible] her dinner, and brushed the—it [illegible] Mollie Kimberly bonnet, and [illegible] on, when she turned it about in her hands, saying,

"Why, what's *all* this? It's as strange as it's true about the bonnet! Look, Ellen, what's this shake here, honey! Your ole aunty didn't mean nothin' bad, child! 'Good she [illegible] to be [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] her boy's feelin's for all he manage on de path! de 'Some 'Scripture's in 'Proverbs, I [illegible] I'm so glad it broke yo mouth! I wouldn't a' took de earth' for it!"

And so saying, she old woman resumed the room—and putted the head of the laughing youth, and [illegible] him a fine boy, and a credit to the family." And then she gave Ellen the geography, and she had brought them Mr. Bill Ipsy's, and then she went into the kitchen to [illegible] on a dry coat, and one dinner," left the room.

And Ellen agreed the parcel, and her little pupil was soon engaged in the new world that she new books opened to her view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Pictures of Life.

GOING DOWN HILL

"That book is a humbug!" former White, with an expressive shake of the head, as he passed a neglected locker and broken down chair, in one of daily visits to the [illegible].

"But enough," was the reply of the compositor, as he [illegible] the manuscript.

Neighbor Thompson happens to be running down hill pretty fast. I can remember when everything visited his Midas' pen was take and [illegible].

"He always appeared to be a steady, industrious man," rejoined the second speaker; "I have a pair of boots on my feet at this moment of his make, and I can't complain of his service."

"I have generally employed him for myself and family," was the reply, "and I must confess that he is a good workman; but, nevertheless, I believe he is running down hill."

"Well, good folks, I understand the world does not go as well with you as formerly. What's the matter with you?"

"There need be no trouble," was the reply, "if men would not try to add to the sufficient wish in helping those who cannot help themselves. The winter was a trying one. We met with losses and disappointments, which we endeavored to bear with patience. All would now go well, if those around me were not determined to push me into the embarrassed path."

"But there lies the difficulty, friend Thompson. This is a selfish world. Everybody, or at least the majority, [illegible] only for [illegible] self. If they see a poor neighbor going down hill, they [illegible] to help him up, but they [illegible] their own interests, and provided they can secure themselves, they care not how soon he goes to the bottom. Now, I am not one of this description. Show me signs of going beyond your means, and I will be the first to [illegible] you."

"Very true, Uncle Joshua, but how is it to be done? Bills which I did not expect to meet, have been sent to me—some of which my necessities are pressing in upon me. My best customers are those who are in the most pressing need. In short, I am on the brink of ruin, and nought but a miracle can save me."

"A miracle, indeed! You are surely wrought, then, I imagine, my good friend. What is the matter with you? You have enough power to benefit upon you, and how soon, in the common course of events, could you discharge them?"

"Why, I have been thinking of asking Joshua," replied the shoemaker; "and with my usual trust any one with my money who is evidently going down hill."

"Quite right! and I will send in my bill this evening. I have only [illegible] amount of the sickness the poor man has had in his family, and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] behind a-brain, but still I must take some of my beer-ose."

"Speaking of Thompson, are you?" observed a bystander, who appeared to take an interest in the conversation. "I heard down Bill, in he! I must look out for myself, then. He owes me quite a song now for leather. I did intend to give him another bill, but I shall not on the whole I guess the money would be safer in my pocket."

Here the two worthies separated, each with his mind filled with the affairs of neighbor Thompson, the probability of his going down hill, and the best way of giving him a push.

Another part of the little village similar scenes were passing.

Mrs. Bennett, acclaimed Mrs. Bennett, the dress-maker, to a favorite assistant, as she hastily withdrew her head from the window, whence she had been watching the passers-by—"if there is not Mrs. Thompson, the shoemaker's wife, coming down the street with a parcel in her hand. She wants me to do her work, I suppose, but I think it would be a wasteful. Every one says she is going down hill, and it is a chance if I ever get my pay."

"She always has paid us promptly," was the reply.

"True; but that was in the days of her prosperity. I cannot afford to run any risks."

The entrance of Mrs. Thompson prevented further conversation.

She was evidently surprised at the refusal of Mrs. Bennett to do any work for her; but as good owners of business are always on the look-out, there was nothing to be said, and she soon took her leave. Another application was made to a second, and a third, with the same result. Another application was made to a fourth, and a fifth, with the same result. Each one knew how the village dress-makers had suddenly become.

On the way home, the poor shoemaker's wife met the teacher of a small school in the neighborhood, who—she knew—had a child to be [illegible].

"Ah, Mrs. Thompson, I am glad to see you," was the salutation. "I was about calling at your house. Would it be convenient to settle little account that I have against you?"

"Our account?" was the surprised reply. "Surely you have not yet rendered."

"Only half of it, but my present rule is to collect my money at that time. It is a plan which I have found to be productive of much [illegible] to myself and my patrons."

"I was not aware that there had been any change in your rules, and was under the impression that you would bill us the usual time—at least I was not aware that we had been any [illegible]

Our Correspondents.

OLD WORLD SKETCHES.

BY THE REV. JAMES O. RICHMOND.

HANS SACHS.

Nuremberg, July 20th, 1855.

In Nuremberg, the city of Hans Sachs, the cobbler-poet, and the birth-place of Albert Durer, the painter, and of Peter Henlein, the inventor of watches, I am writing and posting in the very hot days spared the most German men of the old Germans in the most German town of Germany. That last part of the sentence will do for a specimen of the style of the renowned Hans Sachs, who was before time, but was not able to be put of his age. Nuremberg, At Nuremberg centuries in that of the two great masters, poet and painter, in the sixteenth century, and was a thinker, as it may be asserted, with equal truth, that the most popular people's poet (Volksdichter) of the 16th century in Germany, was a shoemaker of old shoes. The mental of old leather, literally, and of old boots, a wonderful work, which will endure while men, speaking in the English tongue, shall

"Sorrow not, my friend! Figure shows the vast
Proportion of the things which will not last."

By our copy, by these C. V. I take solicitor in my connection, you will not forget that I have now "four English" books for your two years and you will do it for me, since the rubber per annum of Hans Sachs did to the sales (of each orthography) and to the translation of the twenty-first century of the good old rhymes of Nuremberg.

I'm here to set you right

This offers the fine old cobbler certainly faithful, faithful to his wife, faithful, York Spiritual and you. But, unlike Bunyan, he created no new work of religious fiction, and he was not even the author of the most famous and popular of his immortality. His old and homeless, shelved in Nuremberg, which itself, naturally, as regards style, as to the manner of home-made verse, and the spirit of the old and crooked streets, will endure the quaint, old, fabled, and lovely Nuremberg, with its kingdom as the "Holy Empire," will still exist in the world, but they, and behind the churchyard of our cobbler-poet and the old burying of his 84th century, and about the very time when Luther planned his proposition on the door of the old Church in Wittenberg. His primitive productions he never published himself, though he afterwards added to it that of "Wittenberg" and another chapter to "Luther and Nuremberg," the cobbler of Nuremberg, and the betrayer of the German heroes will in one, and what was unimportant with Hans Sachs, and after to him the restoration of the production and whether to the "Nuremberger's belief of the creed of our Saviour is sufficiently quoted to demand a translation. He says, "Apelles has not been surpassed in judge of these matters, and nothing; but in what I do understand, I am sure my opinion is right, though Hans Folz, its author, in that time, was famous for his German verses, and Master Treuthy Jakes yet is he is nothing to be in this matter, for I am sure I am my truly call a German poet. He well understood all the stave-rhymes (Stabreime) of the Minnesingers, and was read and practised in God's Holy Word, as plainly appears from his books, and all that he has set forth by the press, and he died during so many years. He printed Sixty-four books, and wrote many more, which remain in manuscript, letter, and master-songs."

Although Luther, also a cobbler of his own, was opposed in few their false volumes, during the good cobbler's life-time, was, in his practice to his poems, "Monsters, fools, asses, dotterels, loons, loons, screamers, ghostly fear, scarecrow, bugbears, and such-like stuffing," which "Hans Sachs knew nothing about," and which "I will never venture being named," and all which "I venture are set forth and taught."

As Hans Sachs was one of the first masters in the German, after Luther, and as learned men are still thought it somewhat indulgent to write in their mother-tongue, it became necessary to enter a ruling defence of the old German language, which George Keller does by the following edifying comparison of it with several others: "A translator must live alone as good as he. + The Hebrew, the first and holiest, in which God himself spoke, whose letters even are significant, as to others are. The Greek, somewhat richer and more powerful, in which are recorded the wisdom of all arts, and the wonder and qualities of all things; but more especially, herein are revealed the grace and mercy of God, through His beloved Son, our Lord. The Latin, which God has not left without its praise, in which are buried many holy mysteries, even to our time not yet revealed. The German, which Almighty God has not forgotten, wherein, first, the Gospel was printed enough, (Deutsch und deutlich), yea, bright and clear. Into this door entered Luther, the preacher of God's word shines, and has made fresh and new and heard; which last I judge not the least among the German latter days." By all this man is evidently here speaking of the wonderful effect produced by the old, somewhat rough, but startling writings of Luther and the other reformers, in the mother-tongue; writings which seemed borrowed from the forge of centuries. Our editor had heard even Dr. Philip Melancthon praise the kindness of Hans Sachs, who, without coming to be a cobbler, wrote and corrected his works during 42 years. The title-page to the posthumous five folios, which were printed at Nuremberg twenty years before Hans Sachs died, and which, nevertheless, have been submitted to his inspection, is somewhat amusing, and in our day might be called rather profane. But our merely Nuremberger, instead of suffering the blight of envy to come over each other's glory, rejoiced in the honour paid to the mental admiration school. Here is a part of this title-page: "Very excellent, true and beautiful Poetry and science of all kinds, such as serious + apples, pleasing comedies, delightful stories, charming dialogues, decidedly elegies, wonderful fables, together with other laughable gulps and crumbs + of which the pieces are hundred and seventy and six. Among these are one hundred and seventy pieces more before not printed nor, but for the use and edifying of the whole world, prepared for the press, by the gifted and far famed Hans Sachs, a Master of Singing Poetry." The whole together not finished from 1558 to 1560 +

If you will hardly expect an analysis of these productions, perhaps that they really had power, indicated over the German language and tongue, even though they have little pretension to poetry, they are not destitute of grace, and may help to show why Hans Sachs was "a decidedly popular; and Hans Sachs well deserved the monument which Nuremberg gave him in St. John's Churchyard, as the "People's Poet." He took good care to bestow quite as much public attention on his fellow citizens and his native city, as the others succeeded to him. In one of his poems, which he dates "March 1st, in the Jubilee, 1523," we have "The Three Towers which Hans Sachs had about Nuremberg." By old time was built, and, with him of an hour the glories of a certain city, he who governs most, just laws, prudent counsellors, flourishing arms, considerable citizens, &c., &c. His surface city is numbered, and he says, "What city is there in Christendom replies, "It is Nuremberg; and since there not young, I counsel thee to spend thy days in this place." The old man then discussed the celebrated past having to do the spot, from everything better even than to his visitors, and concluded by his three and with the valuey of Nuremberg.

But you will get a better hint of the cobbler-poet's popularity of the noble position of the people of his day, from a short account of two public processions, which in the original are described at several with verse. The first, in the year 1530, being honoured from an ancient fable, and the second about 15 years after. The first was called "The Procession of the Beggars," which, with his friend, and the world might be most thankful, honoured since it is, and which many of the noble shall most affect it might be honoured, which is now on the subject, they came to a spot where they were met, and from which they were to march in procession to the rational depot in the city + A pious old woman implores him to cease doing a good, and, saying she had one time to watch it, left it near the Apostle. St. Peter, she, of course, assigned to him other the good, and to the latter was somewhat disinclined, to

[illegible] him a close up till and down date, the whole day. The rest of his government of the world, nevertheless, was not entirely so, and being only seen out when night came, he was glad to resign his responsibilities.

Nuremberg, Sept. 1st, 1855.

Getting to about some of the Beggars' Procession, which I started with the "Beggars' Procession," I will say that they had created a sensation in Heaven, but was not able to be rid of his importunities. He was told by Saint Peter to go to Hell, and he did so, and the old cobbler, having taught his trade in this city, is now in Christ, to assist, in the city, to one address, and in the country to our Post Office +

1 Copies,	$ —
5 " (and one to Agent, or 6 for)	1 00
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20 " (and one to Agent, or 21 for)	4 00

Address to Clubs.—Any person having sent the money not names for a Club, may add names to it at any time, and the papers will be forwarded immediately. Persons making up their clubs, however, should remember that the paper is always stopped when the time for which it is ordered expires. Therefore, if persons wish to continue the paper without interruption, they must renew their subscriptions before the time expires. Attention to this will save us much trouble, and prevent mistakes.

Remittances should be made payable to the order of the firm. Where this cannot be done, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All letters should be post paid.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to our Office, as we can then forward them more promptly.

☞ Free Mail matter.—Our subscribers will please remember that postmasters are not allowed to frank any out of the State. They will therefore govern us accordingly.

All communications intended for publication should be addressed to the Editor of the Saturday Evening Post, and not to any individual connected with the office.

Any person procuring letters to be mailed to us will be entitled to one free copy of the Saturday Evening Post.

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We have also old friends the Post Masters, all scent themselves and get up large Clubs for the Saturday Evening Post; and we have authorized to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

A NEW NOVELET.

Our readers will be pleased to learn that Mr. Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," and "Clara Moreland," has engaged in writing a new novelet for the Post, to be called

THE BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS.

We feeling assured that the forthcoming production of this Novelet, at the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of the "The Lost Heiress." It s.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The last of December has been fixed upon as the day of opening the Crystal Palace, New York, and many deputies will then withdraw profits.

Notwithstanding the gigantic efforts of the managers of this speculation, it is found it will not pay. The stock is below, I believe, fifty cents per cent. below par. As those who invested probably will lose a great part of their money, how much better it would have been to have done the thing from the first in the high English fashion, and kept the money in their own pockets. Before the Crystal Palace, in other like Central Park, more than to any other monetary speculation. Let the enterprise be undertaken by individuals without pecuniary reward, is one thing—but to create a Crystal Palace, in order that stock may be put into the pockets of certain capitalists, is another and very different thing. Men that can't pay, must not be put in debt, and that with no success in a business or Exhibition must education.

The time has not come for an Art-Union Exhibition—and when it does come, it should be under the auspices of the great State of the Union, and not of any one of the States of the Union.

Nothing is more unfair than to have one State or city appointed by the several States. But these New York gentry don't care a fig for anything but their own ends. Next time we trust they will not be quite so greedy—and then they feel always the better for it. Let us correct it by reading carefully over a pathetic story about a gentleman and lady, which they will find in a certain classical work called the "Original Poems."

Eastern Receipt for Cholera.—Mr. E. W. Lane, the Eastern traveller, communicates to the Lancet the following receipt, from Mr. Stead Poole, the following simple receipt for the Cholera, which he says has been practised with great success, and is very indigenous in the Egyptian, Constantinople and India—and was never followed by a fatal cholera typhoid fever:

"If the patient have not vomited the poisonous matter, which is a characteristic of the cholera, and is likely to vomit, give him, early, a tablespoonful of powdered mustard in a tumbler of warm water, as an emetic. After the vomiting (whether produced by the disease or by the mustard) has ceased, give him a wine glass of brandy, with ten grains of pound-red cayenne pepper mixed with it, and repeat it in ten minutes, the surgeon's assistance being in the household an officer, whose special duty it is to attend to the sick, and to call in the aid of the officers. Thus, "in Russia there are certain drugs, branches, bracelets, and sandboxes, which have been given to the sick without number."

Time points rope nothing—it does.

Dr. Rockenknecht says, that "philosophy triumphs easily over past and future evils, but pressure of the present is severe."

We fancy we have factory, when all that we hate is the awkwardness of the fat tarers.

There are two reasons why we don't like to make our love known—the lady and the other because we do.

Warren's Blacking Factory Wits.—If anything can justify a man for sometimes thinking of putting away his wife, it is when, despite of persuasive eloquence and argument, she will keep cooking away his things.

Dr. Sadler's new quick is he subdued by mad rioters but, on the contrary, more right forward, with a courage greater than your first mate's rout, to the death.

Silence is the safest course for any one to adopt who thinks himself.

Ambition thinks no fate so beautiful as that which looks from under a crown.—*Sir J. Denham.*

The *Cumberland Chronicle* narrates how a man in Carlisle, who had a shooting-gallery, and was served with a pound of rum. "Aren't they dear?" he asks. "They're cheaper at 10 than at 9," replied the man. "That's Turtle and Rawlings go by war." "What's Turtle and Rawlings go by war?" "Why, they're more off-hour, you know, than other people," he adds in light.

Manifest Destiny.—"I was a nonsuch when I came from the Jamella, that they held that 'the end sanctified the means;' and such appeared to me to be the case with the doctrine of 'manifest' and 'manifest destiny.' If it was 'manifest and Napoleon had 'manifest' in advising the conquest of Russia, and Napoleon and Arthur Spring nearly have had a mission to Russia—Napoleon's mission.—*It is Russia Register.*

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1864.

MEETING OF WOMEN.

Public meeting of the Ladies' Association for the relief, instruction and employment of women who have lost immoral lives, will be held in Sansom Street Hall, on the afternoon of next, the 20th inst., at 3½ o'clock. Ladies of the religious and benevolent denominations are solicited to attend. This Society is one in which every woman is interested. The evils which it labors to remedy are those which affect the foundation of the misery of this country. Its efforts are directed not only to the aid of the unfortunate, but against the causes, with which it is usually connected, of pauperism, crime and misery. Every woman, on the part of every mother, both daughter and widow, that they may be enlightened, guarded, warned, and directed in the duties under their care, both male and female. Every man feels them, and not only for the benefit of the individual, but for that of society. The Association has been quietly at work for some time, and has placed its claims to the public in such a way, for its operations, to require the greatest liberality of the community. Here is a refrigerant woman; in order to blot out the memory of the past, and to begin a new life, she must have a home and employment which surround her with virtuous influences. These hundred and six women have been assisted to employment, many of whom are filling respectable stations, with every prospect of future usefulness. Every one these has been a subject of prayer, and every pleasant, possible position, however from a correspondence to society, and in individual hearts and homes, was the desire of the labors of the Association.

Rev. Ezekiel Fuller, will preach in the Methodist Episcopal Church, Germantown, on Sunday, the 16th instant, at the usual hour.

General News.

Mr. Charles Dickens has promised to read for the benefit of the Edinburgh Infirmary at Christmas next, but the benefit of the Literary and Scientific Institution at Manchester, which Dickens selected are "The Christmas Carol" and "The Cricket on the Hearth," and one of the New York Brothers. It is directed to Colonel Brown.

Washington, Oct. 8, 1864.

"Dear Sir—Since the election we had upon the subject of the unfortunate division in the Democratic party, it is evident that it has and more convinced that the present disorganization of the party is due to the abandonment of the principles of the party there, and to prove which I am writing. But the proposition is so easily to order to vote. It is very desirable that the Democratic pledged to each other upon a common platform at principles the difficulties could and ought to have been avoided.

"You are aware that the principles of the Baltimore Convention, and the policy intimated in the letter of Mr. Johnson, the President and his Cabinet and advisers stand pledged to before the country. Every man who has since come out upon those principles and that policy, and has been supported by the Democracy, who consented to accept office under the Administration, is bound to support its principles and policy.

"As the President understands the principles avowed as the platform of the party at Baltimore, all Democrats who joined the party and carrying out the same, were entitled to be recognized as worthy of support, and entitled to the confidence of the party, and to the fact that the President is not to be misled by misrepresentations, or by those who have a personal, party purpose to subserve, and who are willing to sacrifice the principles of the Baltimore platform, and on which it is to be recognized. No appointment in office or elevation to power should be made by the President, unless he is satisfied that the party to be thus appointed, or elevated, is in favor of the principles of the Baltimore platform, and on which it is to be recognized. Allow me to express the hope that the President will not misuse them in the only way that will carry confidence to the people.

"I have not hitherto deemed it necessary to address you upon the subject, as the action of the Democratic party to which persons nominated for appointment to office belonged, and which belonged prior to the reunion of the party at Baltimore, which reunion was supposed to have been thoroughly cemented in the great and glorious victory of Maryland. But as the present state of feeling among political friends of the party, and the fact that the President is unquestionably upon the same platform of principles as the Democratic party, and the consideration of which the Administration will not be sustained, I shall avail myself of the fact of the Naval Officer and the Surveyor of the Port, and to the fact that the President entertains the same views as the policy which the President will require to be pursued.

"I am, very respectfully,

"JAMES GUTHRIE.

"G. C. Bestaert, Esq., Collector, N. York."

Mr. Bestaert, Collector under whom is the Naval Officer and Surveyor, with the following reply:

Washington, Oct. 5, 1864.

"Dear Sir—I have received your favor of this date addressed to the Hon. G. C. Bestaert. It will explain itself, and will show what the President expects in relation to the distribution of patronage in the respective offices of the New York Custom-House, to which you have called my attention. I am, dear sir, with assurances of my high consideration,

"JAMES GUTHRIE."

Greenville, Ill., Oct. 6.—Governor Jenkins, the Union candidate for Governor, has 800 majority in this county. Governor Yates, the Union candidate for Governor, has 800 majority in this county. Governor Johnson, Dem., is however, probably elected by a majority in the State.

Bellefonte, October 9th.—The Charleston Mail publishes a letter from Governor Brown, of Georgia, to Governor Seymour, of New York, declining the invitation of Governor Seymour to attend the election of Johnson. Five Democrats and one Union man were reported elected to Congress from Georgia.

Lebanon, Oct. 8.—The suit brought by Archbishop Kenrick against the agent of the Register and Recorder, of Philadelphia, the Bulletin says, is the result of a conversation on their part between which stated that Archbishop Hughes had offered to purchase the Register, and that the Archbishop of the Roman Church for refusing to sell the paper, and that the Archbishop of Philadelphia was not to be allowed to own the paper, and that the Archbishop of Philadelphia was not to be allowed to own the paper, and that the Archbishop of Philadelphia was not to be allowed to own the paper.

Mr. Wallace is well known in this State, though some unsuccessful efforts exist as to his position. He has been a pupil of the late Governor Dimmick, but to disclaim this title. Governor said to him the other day: "Mr. Wallace, bullets (pen) is a real Democrat." Hereby, Governor," said the latter, "Governor, I am."

As Excellent Reason.—The Skaneateles Democrat says that a Whig, of Madison, voted for Mr. Pinkney for Governor of Maine, because, "he had a good name." Another Whig voted for natural sugar called the Flattery apple, and so out of front teeth in order to be a candidate for town, in every place where the old teeth had been knocked out when he was a boy. At this age, he states, he lost some of his teeth, and others at intervals since. The Times says the number of new teeth which he has cut is seven, and the number of teeth which he has lost. They make their appearance only a few days.

Suspension of Income Duties.—Information has been received at the office of the Commissioner of the United States Consul at Aix-la-Chapelle, that the income duties will be suspended between the States of Zoll-Verein, the collection in respect of the year 1864, on the following products of the soil, viz.: bronzed and shelled almonds, chestnuts, dried and pressed fruits, or boiled boiled, was suspended on the 15th of August, and will continue to be till the end of the year 1865.

The Tariff Must.—At the latest accounts from France the greatest activity prevailed in the manufacturing districts, in order to supply the demand for goods which will be required by the tariff that France will have about a month hence. Many manufacturers are working overtime. Below a certain rate with lower, according to this, there is a reduction of 25 per cent. on the line and fifty injustice, and most of them have already adopted it. The new tariff for New York regards the present year is 25,000,000 francs.

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"JAMES GUTHRIE."

Abell Yarnall, Esq., of Pa. 7, 1865, and Thos. German Riter have gone off very rapidly have not also had a desire to a very successful and profitable season. Mr. Yarnall has also had his reputation to build to the use of these fine animals.

G. B. Lathrop, Tuckahoe, Pa., May 20, 1861.

"Dear Sir—I have used your Pain Killer in my family for the last three years, and have found it an excellent remedy for Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Rheumatic pains. I have also used it in my stable for Colic, Cuts, Bruises, &c., and have found it a valuable remedy in all cases. It is my decided recommendation to my friends and the public generally. Send me a dozen bottles.

Yours truly,

G. B. LATHROP.

Hatch & Brownell, West Chester, Pa., 1859 and 1860.

"The general satisfaction expressed by their customers in the use of your Pain Killer, and the rapid sale of the article, induces us to recommend it to our friends as a valuable remedy for Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Rheumatic pains, &c. We think it worth its weight in gold."

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Selected Poetry.

THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

IRISH DUELS.

[illegible]

OLD THINGS MADE NEW.

[illegible]

Wit and Humor.

DEMANDING HIS SWORD.

The gallant Colonel S——, who had the honor to command the "bloody One Hundred and Twelfth, Pennsylvania Militia," who used annually to make their appearance "on the public square of the borough of Erie, armed with hoop-poles, broom-sticks, plough-handles, and muskets, without either lock, stock, or barrel," and go through various evolutions "layed down" by Steuben and Scott, had the misfortune to have in his corps an unruly German officer, the gallant Captain E——, who, without the fear of a court-martial before his eyes, disobeyed the orders [illegible] The Colonel's dignity had been offended, and his honor had received a wound that could only be healed by the punishment of Captain E——. The regiment was disbanded, and the Colonel tried to forget the indignity; but the more he tried to drive it from his recollection, "the more it wouldn't go," and so he brooded over his wrath until, like the concealed fires of the volcano, it must break forth. It disturbed his thoughts by day and his dreams by night, and it could be pent up no longer. He called to him his trusty aid, the brave Major W——, bade him array himself in full uniform, with big gloves reaching to his elbows, and a long sword dangling by his side, capped by a chapeau and a nodding-plume, and commanded him to arrest Captain E——, and take his sword. Major W——, in pursuance of his orders, at mid day, to the very great amusement of the "boys," both of large and smaller growth, marched through the principal street of the borough to the quarters of Captain E——, (a saddler's-shop,) and found him in wax up to his elbows, hard at work. Upon his entrance the Major doffed his chapeau in true military style, and said: "Captain E——, I am directed by Colonel S—— to inform you that you are to consider yourself under arrest, and to demand your sword." Captain E——, drawing himself up to his full height, and perhaps doubting the solvency of Colonel S——, said: "Major, dose be hang my sword, and you doll Gernel S——, w'en he bay me den doller, w'at him gost, he git him!" The Major left "in disgust," but "satisfied."

DEFINITIONS NOT FOUND IN THE DICTIONARY.

Incur.—Something swallowed by a dog.
Retrench.—Elizabeth in a passion.
Mystic.—A stick belonging to me.
Policy.—I am looking at Polly.
Mismatched.—A lady engaged to be married.
Noticed.—A glass of punch without ice.
Punish.—Some of the above definitions.

A Model Clergyman.—During the exciting campaign of ——, when party politics ran so high, and the distinctive principles and issues of the two great parties were capable of being discussed and understood, an "aged clergyman" was invited to officiate as chaplain at some kind of a public meeting, a political one, of course.

In his opening prayer, among other objects of his petitions, one was that the speakers might use the words of truth and soberness, that they might tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

At the conclusion of the exercises, the addresses having been of a very decided stamp; and abuses of the administration then in power having been denounced in set terms, and the integrity of the —— party and the purity of its principles exhibited in glowing colors, the old gentleman wound up the last prayer pretty nearly thus: "At the beginning of these exercises, oh Lord, we prayed that Thy servants might tell the truth, and now, oh Lord, we thank Thee that they've done it! And to Thy name be all the glory," &c.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Stealing Hens.—Judge W——, who still occupies an honorable position upon the Supreme Bench at Michigan, could, if he chose, tell some good stories of his early jurisprudence in the interior of the State. Holding his first circuit in Oakland, in 1843, a fellow was tried and convicted before him, for stealing hens. For foreman of the traverse jury was one C—— T——, a laughable original, by the way, and hitherto unknown to the Judge. The trial being over, and a verdict of guilty rendered, the Judge sentenced the culprit to imprisonment in the county jail, soon after which the Court adjourned. On the way down from the Court House, the Judge was overtaken by foreman T——, in a big short roundabout, with a fiery red head, whom he did not at once recollect. "Well, Judge," said T——, slapping him on the back, "you put it to that chap good and strong, and you did just right; poor, miserable cuss, to steal hens! Judge, I am naturally strong in the back, and when the country was new, I have now and then taken a sheep; but hens, oh, goodness! he ought to feel above it!"

What the "Skeeter" said to the Sleepy Gentleman.—Hum-m!—hum, shut your eyes, sir, the noise you hear is nought but flies, sir; a whim-m—w-h-i-m! don't be scared, sir; go to sleep, your sheets are aired, sir. Hum-m—a h-y-m-n it is, I'm singing, it's music in your [illegible]

Railroad Scenes.

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Confound it! just too late! Another minute and I should have caught it."

[*Between ourselves, is it not quite as well he didn't?*]

Selected Articles.

SULTANAS ABROAD.

Nearly all Turkish women sally out every Friday to take the air, away from the town, on the banks of the Bosphorus, or to some of the places where water and shade may be found. The wealthy go in carts without springs, of unwieldly and primitive construction—six or seven heaped together—and sometimes their husbands lead the oxen or horses to the chosen spot, and then go away, leaving the women perfectly free to enjoy themselves as they please. The most popular amusements are the singing and music of the gipsy women, who repair thither for the purpose—music which is amorously languid, and singing which is detestably indecent. A lunch is generally brought out, and when this is dispatched, smoking and drinking commence—drinking, not of sherbet, but of good brandy, or other strong liquors, which soon induce a boisterous gaiety, so that the sultanas, whom we often imagine as pining away imprisoned, may be seen rolling in convulsions of inextinguishable laughter on the turf, or huddled up in a still more advanced stage of intoxication, like bundles of rags. The Montenegrin servants, who are the privileged beholders of these scenes, are often compelled to haul them into their carts, in which they are jolted back to the harem. Those who are not too far gone frequently pull up in passing through the Christian quarter, at the doors of taverns, to get more drink; and a file of a hundred carts may often be seen stopping in one street, all full of women, some made bold and chattering by their excess, others hanging sleepily about and murmuring to be taken home.

There is a walk planted with elm-trees, not far from the city, where only women are admitted. Two or three thousand assemble there at a time, and, sitting upon a verdant slope, enjoy the indescribable pantomime of a comedy, which some infamous Jews, hired for the purpose, perform on the limits of the forbidden ground, for their amusement.

Europeans, of course, cannot enter the walk itself, but they may see the crowds collected at a distance, and hear the shrill applause which every act more than usually beastly of the mountebanks creates in the female crowd. On these occasions it would scarcely be possible for a stranger to recognize Eastern life from the descriptions he is accustomed to read. The free conduct of the women has more than once attracted the attention of the government, which not very long ago published an edict, complaining that they remained out late at night, that they rode forth in coaches with young Christian drivers, that they ventured into shops, especially those of apothecaries; and even pushed their audacity so far as to eat ices in the Frankish coffee-houses of Galata and Pera. The edict accordingly recommended that early hours should be kept, and forbade women to enter shops of any kind, or be driven about by young coachmen. These interferences with manners which were supposed to be great advances in civilization, and which seem strangely accompanied by proclamations giving permission to women to appear on the public promenades, were of course ineffectual. The women continue their old customs, though some have been hanged or drowned for being found in the back shops of Christians. It will require something else besides repressive measures to bring about a reform in this respect. All laws in the East, moreover, have the temporary character of [illegible]

CHINESE WOMEN.

The wife and daughter of the Chinese farmer walk about the world with such feet as it has pleased God to give them—and very pretty feet and ankles they generally are. In fact, whatever want of beauty of feature there may be among the Chinese women, no one can deny them the merit of remarkably beautiful feet, ankles, hands, and arms. Of the rest of the figure one can judge but indifferently, from their peculiar though not ungraceful costume.

In the country villages, the young girls and matrons may be seen at their doors, or grouped together beneath the trees, or in the yard attached to the house, engaged in household or farm occupation, laughing the while in merry chorus to their work. I have often, from the back of my horse, looked over the low walls at such a group, but the result was rarely complimentary; for on some coy damsel suddenly catching sight of my Saxon face, she would scream an alarm to the rest, who retreated to the house with a general screech. On reaching the threshold, however, they would generally stop to giggle at the object of their fears, on finding him not pursuing with savage intent; or sometimes the respectable, bearded patriarch would take them by the shoulders, and, in spite of their affected resistance, push them all out again into the yard, calling jokingly to me at the same time, in some incomprehensible gibberish, probably to "eat them up." I flatter myself, however, that I was not sufficiently frightful to alarm them very much, with a stout wall between, and the whole village within call; far different, however, was the case when "the foreign devil" happened to come upon one solitary matron, pursuing her way from one village or farm to the other. Her fears were really terrible, and she fled as fast as her legs could carry her; if, however, the unprotected female happened to be of the small-footed kind, she staggered off with the aid of her bamboo, till an unlucky trip would usually leave her sprawling on the path, or not impossibly into the mud and water of a paddy-field. To rush to her assistance was the natural impulse; but the approach of the monster was a signal for the most tremendous shrieking, and one could only persevere at the risk of throwing the distressed matron into hysterics. It was a disagreeable dilemma, but it invariably ended in my walking on, and leaving the lady to scramble out of the mud in her own way. If I had a Chinese attendant with me, I usually sent him on to conduct any fair one I might meet, into a secure by-path, or to assure her of the harmlessness of my general character and habits.—*Recollections of China.*

AN ECCENTRIC PUBLICAN.

Towards the close of the last century, there lived in Kidderminster an eccentric person of the name of Orton, (*not* that Orton, the friend of Doddridge, who passed some time in the town, but "Job Orton," the landlord of the Bell Inn.) During his life-time he erected his tomb in the parish church-yard, with this memento-mori inscription, graven in large characters on the upper slab:

Job Orton, a man from Leicestershire;
And when he's dead, he must lie under here.

This inscription remains unaltered to this day, and may be seen on the right-hand of the broad walk on the North side of the spacious church-yard. His coffin was constructed at the same time, and, until it should be [illegible]

For Housekeepers.

RHUBARB.

[illegible]

GEORGIAN AND CIRCASSIAN SLAVES IN TURKEY.

Another source from which vacant harems are filled is the market of Georgian slaves; but it is by no means so popular. These unhappy creatures, who are embarked at Trebizond on board of the regular steamers, reach Constantinople in a very sad and pitiable state. We can imagine an European reader almost envying the captain under whose care is placed so poetical a cargo; but, alas! the truth is, that the Georgians are looked upon almost as suspiciously as a hundred cases of leeches for the Marseilles market. It is true they are separated as much as possible from the rest of the passengers, penned in like a flock of sheep, and hidden by dirty clothes; or, in bad weather, crammed below, like negroes in the middle passage. In spite of these precautions, the whole vessel suffers from their presence. Without exception, every one brings away a colony of native vermin. This is easily accounted for. The poor things resemble not a bevy of English maidens going out voluntarily. They are sold, from poverty or avarice, by their parents or friends, and are handed over, nearly naked, to the purchaser. To dress them would eat up all the profits. Such is the costume in which they crowd by day, and huddle together at night, whispering or dreaming of the splendor which has been promised them, to dispel their sorrow, and perhaps giving a passing thought to the home which has cast them forth, like the pet lamb when it has outgrown the fondness or the patience of its mistress. The merchant, with the unrelenting stupidity which characterizes all dealers in human flesh, fattens these future sultanas during the voyage on water and millet-flour porridge. They arrive at their journey's end in such a state, that few connoisseurs in incipient beauty would venture to pronounce an opinion.

Sometimes, when the owner is in haste to realize, he drives his Georgian flock to market in the unseemly condition in which they come ashore; or at most throws around them a feridgeh—the mantle of the Turkish women. Chance for the most part presides over the sale. The purchaser keeps at a respectful distance from his acquisition, as a doctor might from a plague patient; and drives her before him to what may be called a preparatory school for the harem. A number of old women, indeed, gain their living by polishing up this rough material; combing their hair into shape, scrubbing them, and exterminating the reminiscences they have brought with them from their native hovels. From the class of women I have thus described most of the consorts of persons high in rank are taken. Such are the mothers of the ministers of the Sublime Porte—ay, and of all the Sultans that have ever reigned on the shores of the Bosphorus.—*The Turks in Europe.*

THE ENGLISH ON THE CONTINENT.

The following extract from Mr. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy," gives a lively idea of [illegible]

Cool.—A well-dressed "gentleman" went, a few days ago, to a fashionable restaurant, and took an excellent breakfast. As he was sipping his coffee, the waiter, who it seems, had some reason to suspect him, and had kept a watch on him, saw him slip a silver spoon and fork into his pocket. He hastened to tell his master. The latter, to avoid exposure, resolved to enter the things on the bill; and, as he thought the thief deserved punishing, he charged 45f. for them. The gentleman examined the bill, but though surprised at the entry, displayed no emotion. He produced his purse, and paid the whole of the bill, remarking, "Forty-five francs form a rather high rate for a silver spoon and fork."—*N. Y. Sunday Courier.*

Agricultural.

INTRODUCTION OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS INTO AMERICA.

The following account of the introduction of Domestic Animals into this country, has been condensed from the late Census Report, and will be found to possess interest. It furnishes a key to the origin of our Native Cattle, of which mention is often made, and concerning which an article was published in our August number.—*Wool Grower.*

The first animals brought to America from Europe, were imported by Columbus in his second voyage, in 1493. He left Spain as Admiral of seventeen ships, bringing a collection of European trees, plants, and seeds of various kinds, a number of horses, a bull, and several cows.

The first horses brought into any part of the territory at present embraced in the United States were landed in Florida, by Cabeca de Vaca, in 1527, forty-two in number, all of which perished or were otherwise killed. The next importation was also brought to Florida, by De Soto, in 1539, which consisted of a large number of horses and swine, among which were thirteen sows, the progeny of the latter soon increasing to several hundred.

The Portuguese took cattle and swine to Newfoundland, and Nova Scotia in the year 1553. Thirty years after they had multiplied so abundantly, that Sir Richard Gilbert attempted to land there to obtain supplies of cattle and hogs for his crew, but was wrecked.

Swine and other domestic animals were brought over to Arcadia, by M. L'Escarbot, a French lawyer, in 1604, the year that country was settled. In 1608, the French extended their settlement into Canada, and soon after introduced various animals.

In 1609, three ships from England landed at Jamestown, in Virginia, with many immigrants, and the following domestic animals, namely; six mares, one horse, six hundred swine, five hundred domestic fowls, with a few sheep and goats. Other animals had been previously introduced there. In 1611, Sir Thos. Gates [illegible]

HENS AND CHICKENS.

[illegible]

French Farms.—Hon. W. C. Rives, of Virginia, delivered an eloquent Address at the Agricultural Fair of New York, recently. We take from it the following description of the minute division of landed property in France.

"In the country which is separated from England by a narrow sea, and yet more by a strongly contrasted national character, institutions and manners, the discouragements of agriculture are of a peculiarly opposite nature. There it is not the monopoly, but the extreme and unnatural subdivision of landed property and the diminutiveness of farms, almost to the verge of the infinite divisibility of matter, that opposes the most serious obstacle to the general progress of agricultural improvement. What would we think on this broad continent of ours, of a field measuring one and a-half yards by two, and a farmer owning and cultivating a single furrow, and that by no means a long one. And yet in Lorraine there are examples of the farmer attested by the authority of a grave and respectable French writer, and in Brittany the common name applied by the peasant to his possession is *sillon*, or furrow, and it is, in fact, often nothing more. It is estimated that there are about a million and a-quarter of proprietors in France, none of which hold more than two hectares, or five acres of land, and dividing the whole area of the country by the total number of proprietors of every grade, the average size of the farms is about eleven and a-half acres. This inordinate subdivision of landed property, encumbered, too, for the most part with hereditary mortgages which have descended with the land from father to son, must, it is evident, in much the larger number of instances, leave neither the space nor the capital necessary for an improved system of husbandry. There are, notwithstanding, examples of high and successful farming in France.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

Bots in Horses.—A Middleborough correspondent, who does not wish to have his name given, writes to us that bots may be kept away by greasing the legs of a horse and thus prevent the nits adhering long enough for the horse to bite them off and swallow them.

He gets rid of the bots in the stomach by administering a dose of alum, dissolved in sharp cider or vinegar, and then a dose of thoroughwort physic. He says boil it down strong and put in molasses.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

Substitute for the Potato.—A Miaceous plant, the fritillaria, known commonly by the name of crown imperial, is said to contain in its bulbs at least as much nourishment as the potato. The fecula of the fritillaria is white, and serves perfectly well for nourishment, whether for man or cattle. The plant is of easy culture, and its fecula can be obtained at a less cost than that of potatoes. It has been tried in France for cakes and other purposes, and found to be excellent.—*Maine Farmer.*

For the Young.

CLOUDS.

[illegible]

The Riddler.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.

[illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

[illegible]

RIDDLE.

[illegible]

PROBLEM.

[illegible]

CONUNDRUMS.

[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

[illegible]

The Olio.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG.

[illegible]

A MODEL LOVE-LETTER.

[illegible]